



NAKE

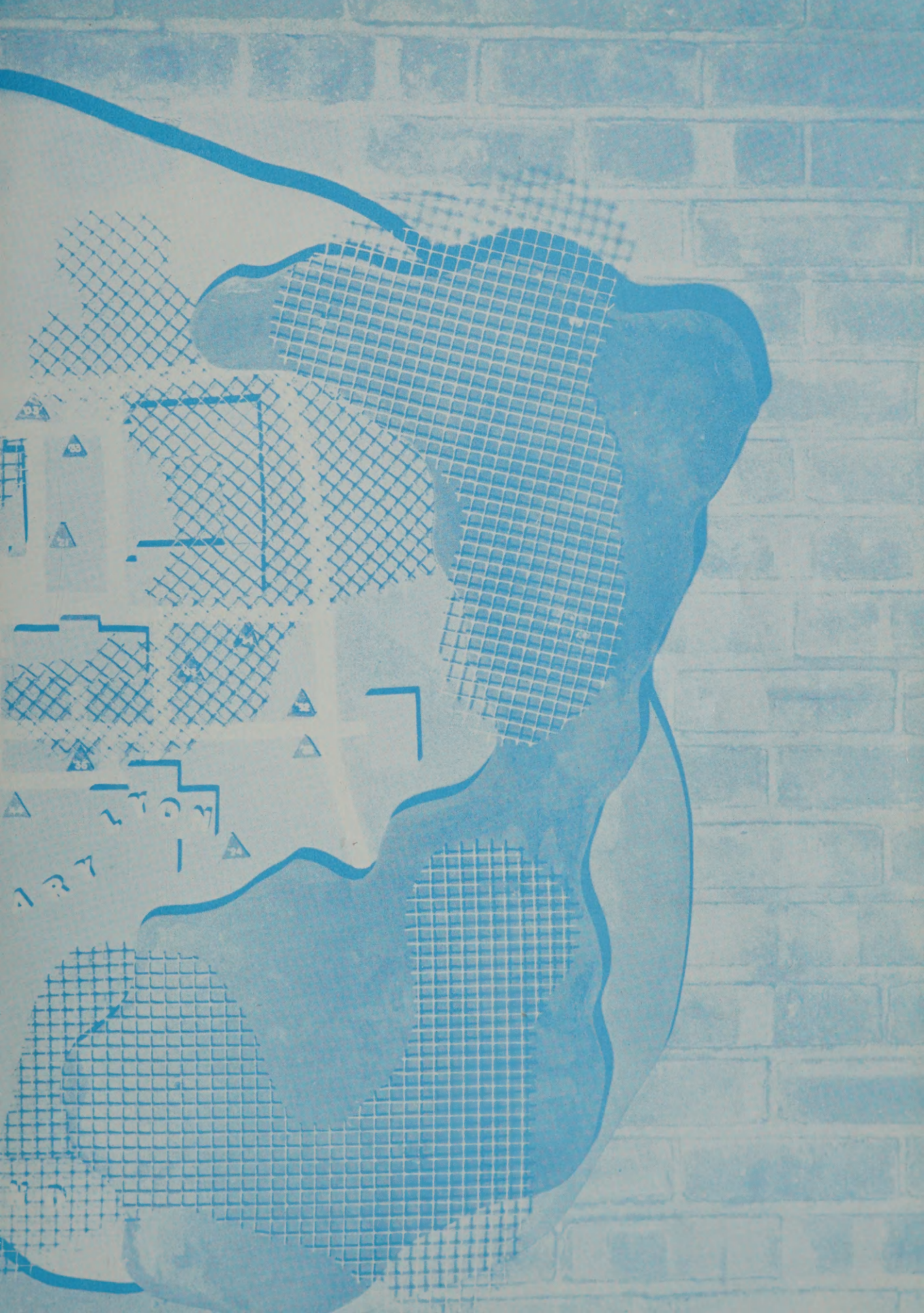


LIBRARY

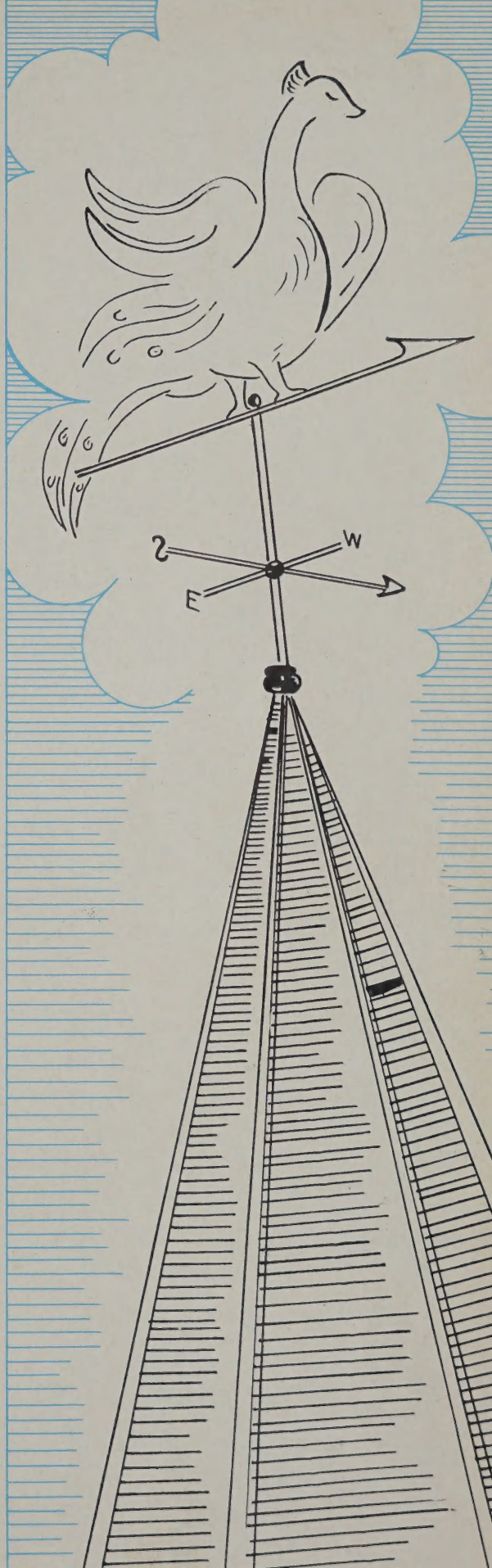
DINING

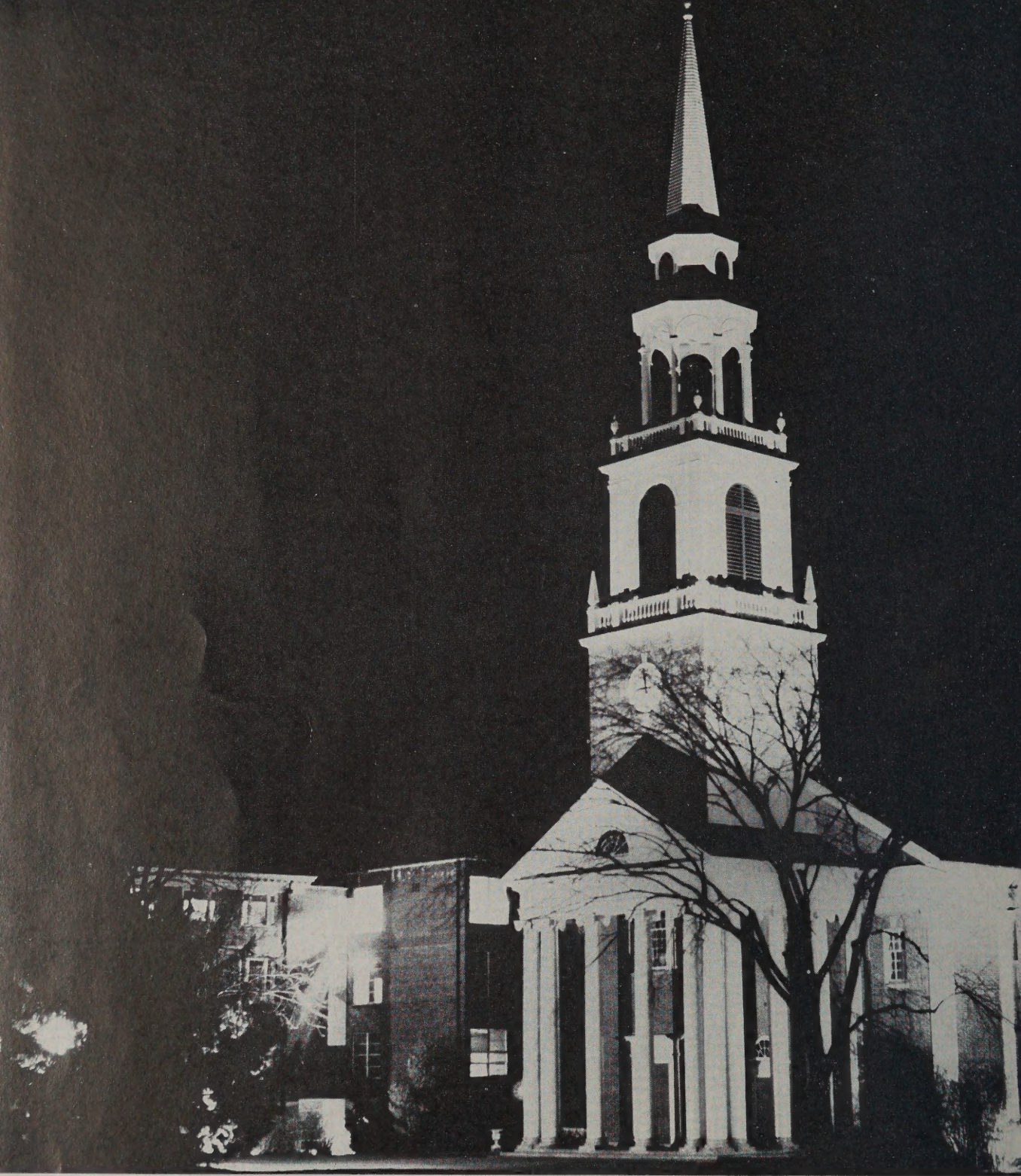
CHAPEL

PEL ROCK



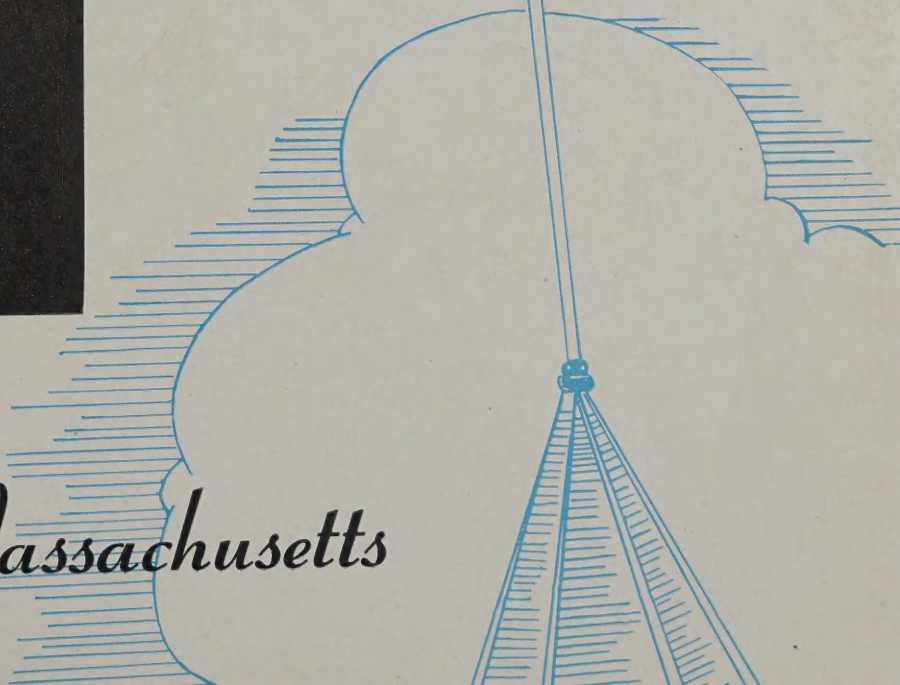
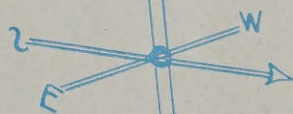
The Junior Class
of
Wheaton College
Presents






Wheaton College

NIKÉ 1950



Norton, Massachusetts



All Points

TO NORTON all roads do not lead. Ours is the path of the straight and narrow, in more ways than one. Oh, how we learn! Oh, how we play! He who hears all, sees all and doesn't say a word is our archaic authority, Friend Peacock.

The "eyes" have it as far as he's concerned. Come spring, he flaunts his green plumage; in fall, his golden. Perennially proud, he eyes his domain. To the south, the library, deserted on Saturdays but otherwise bustling. Beyond, the archery field, where many a hotdog has found its purgatory. To the west, dining rooms (a giggle during grace), Howard street and Bill's. To the north, two Deans and Information (always call it!) Classrooms à gauche and à droit. Chapel below, and to the east, guardian pillars and our friend's namesake. Now, Friend Peacock points with pride to—NIKE.





FOLLOW THE GLEAM

CUSTOM MADE

AND IT CAME TO PASS





FOUNDER'S DAY



WARM AND FRIENDLY RAYS

TO OUR MEASURE





SMILES THAT WIN

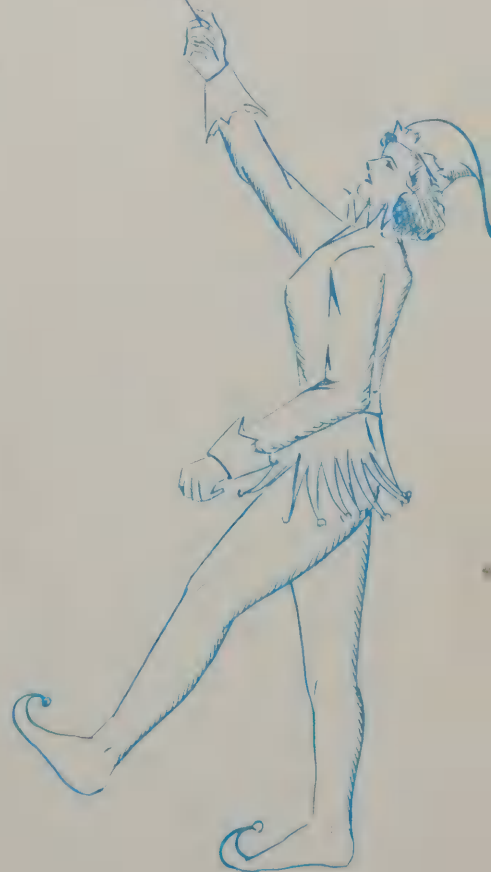
SO FROLIC, SO GAY





AS IT FELL UPON A DAY IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

IT IS AN HONOR THAT I DREAMED NOT OF





CATHERINE NOYES

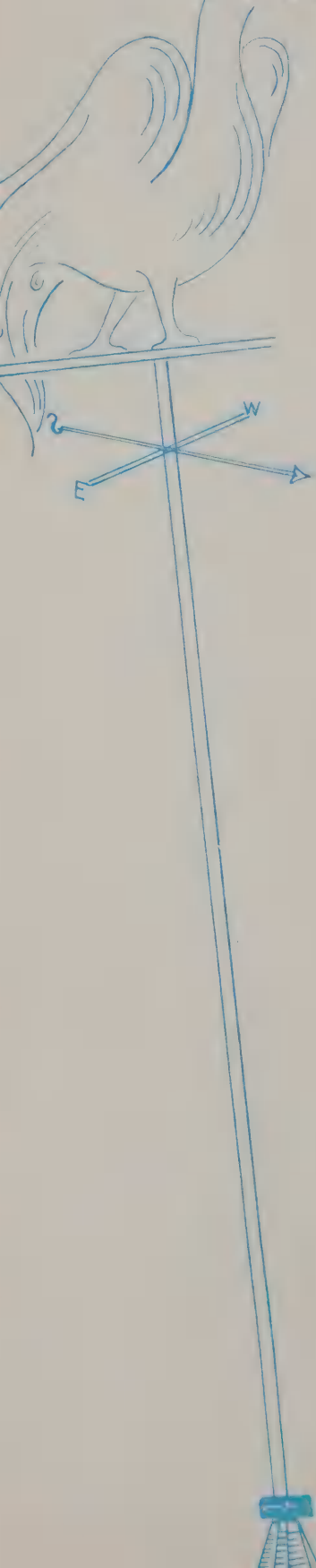
OUR PROUDEST PEACOCK

A SMILE AND CHEERY wave at the Friday night call for the whereabouts of the "foolish, foolish faculty". A lilting laugh in the saucy spring air. (She loves to walk.) Our first greeting in the fall—"Did you have a nice summer?" Yes, freshmen *will* lack "intellectual curiosity", but they won't forget her roll-calls.

Actress and comedienne. (Remember the Triton shows?) Judge and arbiter. (Our roommate always draws number 141.) Teacher, by deeds as well as words. Charm, friendliness, and *joue de vivre*, a true friend of Wheaton—Miss Noyes, to whom we fondly dedicate our 1950 Niké.



ADMINISTRATION





WE POINT WITH PRIDE



DR. A. HOWARD MENEELY

WHEN A BEWILDERED father, wandering miserably around the Wheaton campus, approached a man staggering along under a load of heavy boxes and timidly asked the way to the Administration Building, they say the reply was, "I ought to know; I sort of run the place." An example of the Meneely manner—the twinkle in his eye hides a head for business and a scholar's heart, which in five years have made the world Wheaton-conscious.

In his spare time, of which he has little, he reads everything (except detective stories), or he and Mr. Ross do a bit of carpentering. One of his great loves is his garden—flowers and vegetables grown for the Meneely table.

He and his wife, a most gracious couple, preside at banquets, dances, and receptions, and his "God bless you" after the Christmas story tells us that we have our president to thank for the true Wheaton spirit.



PINK SLIPS, YELLOW

WHAT is that song the girls sing? I ought to remember—best acoustics 'way up here on top of the chapel. Oh yes—"Every time we say good-bye, I cry a little . . ." You know, that reminds me of somebody. No, not the girl (I should say female I suppose when referring to peacocks)—not the one I left behind in Tallahassee, but our favorite check-in girl over at Information, Miss Dunham. I wouldn't have that job for a million feathers. Imagine how hungry I'd get around midnight every Saturday night. And I guess the only information I can give is which way the wind blows.

Pretty grand bunch over there in the Ad building! Miss Townsend with her smile and a cheery hello for everybody. She must be proud of all the girls. Why, I'm as proud as a peacock, and I didn't have a thing to do with their being here. "Prospective freshmen"—I wonder who invented that frightful phrase?

Then Miss Noyes—a twinkle, a gay laugh, and she's "one of us". Summer school credits, upsetting exam schedules, class conflicts, room riots (in April, isn't it?)—she can have 'em! It seems like a girl-sized crossword puzzle to me. A gold star to Miss Noyes for her sunny disposition.



ENVELOPES, AND RED TAPE



I really can't see why the girls always avoid the Bursar's office. Miss Dunkle is a gem, but maybe it's the money angle. Well, I'm a realist. You can't get something for nothing, I always say.

Those are the old stand-bys—my gals. The new deans are just as pleasant, so I hear. I don't really see much of them. (That dog scares the life out of me!) They're both trying to educate me, I think. A nice note from Miss Colpitts the other day. And yesterday

Mr. and Mrs. May walked right by me, talking about Greece. Very interesting.

Downstairs in the Ad building is just as hectic, believe me. Mr. Fillmore tries to right all the wrongs in this woman's world. How do they find the time to break so many radios? Then Miss Goddard searches for all the out-of-print books, and fixes combinations that won't work, and so on. A grand bunch, but, thank you just the same, I'll stay right here.



GIVE AND TAKE



I MET A TRAVELER FROM AN ANTIQUE LAND

VULNERABLE DOUBLED AND REDOUBLED

MORE VARIED than the winds turning our peacock, more colorful than his plumage—our faculty, so well remembered.

A swift turn to the blackboard, a swift scrawl of the chalk, and *voilà*—Mrs. Miller has made another point. To Mrs. MacKenzie, all the classroom's a stage, and all the students an audience (for Shakespeare). Mr. Ramseyer comes out of chapel, his walk as full of music as the briefcase swinging from his hand. And "Alexander's Ragtime Band" has so much verve at the hands of Miss Trask that the cry goes up, "Play it again and we'll Charleston!"

Field trips may mean frostbite and a five a.m. start, but the true scientist murmurs not, except at the sight of another sparrow, or one of the special MacCoy box lunches. That cute freshman? Oh, that's Mrs. Tenney. She was nice about opening the door for me. Miss Bush taps for the next slide. "When you see this cathedral, note the play of light on the forms." And you realize you've just got to go abroad.

Mr. Sharp peers over his glasses and smiles wryly, adjusting his tweed coat as a Miltonic mist floats through the air. Miss Avitabile is ever patient—"No, class is just beginning; you want to say hello, not good-bye, don't you?" Miss McKee, grasping her Hershey, encourages, "Let's all pull together, people. You're

HAIL TO THEE, BLITHE SPIRIT!





B-WARE, THE GREEN TERROR!



MILTON FACES WORLD ORDER

ONE WORLD AT A TIME



doing wonderfully." And Miss Schrenk, tossing her red hair, "I'll just fix this costume a bit—there, you look cute. Lots of men are coming up from Brown, you know!"

Mr. Shipley, testing reactions, tries "Tom!" (negative) "Dick!" (a little) and "Cadwallader!" (100% positive). Subject blushing retires, and Mr. Shipley blushes, too. Putting the world in order at the dark hour of eight-thirty, Mr. Knapton searches for glimmers of light—"Now what would you do about Germany if you were Mr. Acheson?"

Remember Miss Gulley's gardening, and Miss Higuchi's exotic gardenia tree in the library? Notice how Dr. Martin intones the roll-call just like the Scripture. Miss Coleman warns, "Children, don't throw milk at your friends"; Claire is "Miss Anderson" only to the freshmen. Miss Schaffer cheers madly at volleyball, and Miss Noyes brings vigor to Freshman English.

Miss Haspel's very Dutch smile, Mr. Gilbert's learning by doing, Mr. Nourse's loyalty to Dartmouth, and Mrs. Korsch's humor—how could we forget!

BETWEEN



A STAR DANCED AND UNDER THAT I
WAS BORN

THE PHOENIX rises from his ashes . . . the past rises before us—an array of moments, important or fascinating or amusing, out of our academic life . . .

The room is tense; there is the hollow scraping of a chair; someone rattles the cellophane on her Nabs; shaking hands reach for mimeographed sheets, a hysterical giggle and another set of blue books "future references" itself. In the midst of your finest thoughts on the Unities of Racine, a hand taps on the window, tempting you with a cigarette.

It is spring, and Mary Lyon feels it—even at a hundred and one. Classes are moved bodily outside, their numbers are swelled by the campus "dogs" (plug for George and Taffy). A hunt for four-leaf clovers replaces the carving of Greek letters on arm rests.

YON CASSIUS HAS A LEAN AND HUNGRY LOOK;
HE THINKS TOO MUCH

QUICK, HENRY, THE F-L-T



WEEK ENDS

Anxious crammers dot the Dimple, insisting that the Lake Poets must be read outdoors for true appreciation.

The professor seems to smile. Ah, a joke! You laugh merrily. He asks you just what is so amusing about the devaluation of the pound? Defiantly you rub your glasses . . .

A great day arrives. Your oral report to the class. A few of your peers even take rapid notes. These afterwards turn out to be pencilled caricatures of you, but still, a great day . . .

Where is Miss—ah—the girl who sits next to you? She's in the infirmary sir, doctor's orders, may be there all semes—, at that moment she walks in, a minute later, but obviously in the best of health . . .

Over the steps of Science a group of

females and felines assemble, the latter far from lively. It is the anatomy class and their victims, being photographed for posterity. Kitty has assumed quite a personality by this time, and is surely slated for the best in the show.

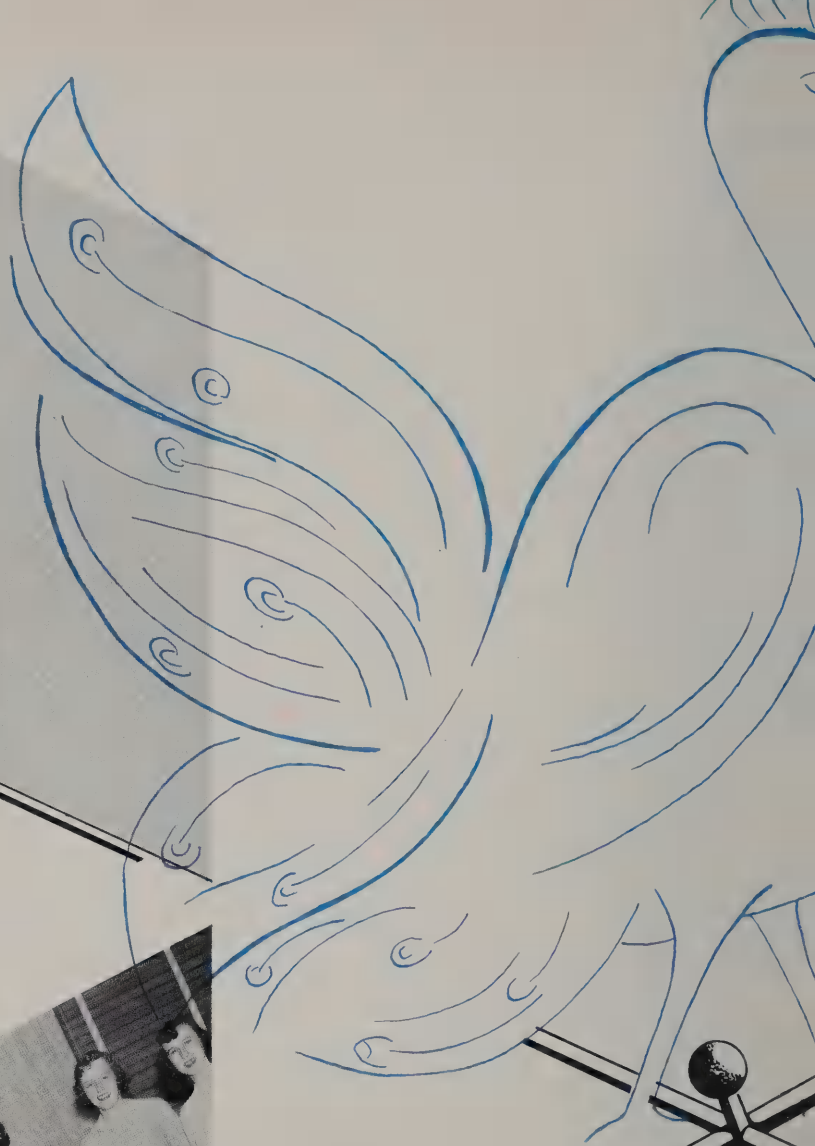
The drawing class is hard at work in the studio. The model pauses to open a brown paper bag and draw out a roast beef sandwich. Between bites, she quips that you may call her pose "The Picnic". Pangs of hunger strike the artists, but they go on . . . art for art's sake!

"There will be a cut on Saturday,"—cheers. "I'm surprised you found the little quiz difficult,"—groans. The ink runs out at the instant of 25 after. Keep your chin up. You can still beat this game!

SIX CENTURIES AND FIVE MINUTES TO GO

BABY GREEK





N

W



ACTIVITIES



COLLEGE GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

THE COLLEGE GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION started off with many a serious thought and many a laugh during the week-end at Birchmont just before the beginning of school. Since those days, C.G.A., under the very capable leadership of Ginny Pennell, has tried to complete plans outlined at the leaders' first gathering. With other C.G.A. officers, Mary Arnold, Honor Board chairman; Smitty, vice-president; Koebel, treasurer; and Jonesie, secretary; all the house chairmen: Barbara Beairsto, Chapin; June Childs, Cragin; Bernice Levy and her assistant Betsy Beadle, Everett; Kitty Johnson, Kilham; Ruth Ault, Larcom; Pat Silmore, Metcalf; Marilyn Bliss, Stanton; Mary Reed, White House; presidents of organizations such as C.A., D.A., and A.A.; and class presidents, all working together in Council and Legislative Board, the rules and regulations of C.G.A. were revised in order to coordinate with the new Honor system. Attention was given to revising both the constitution and the elective system. Each girl was as enthusiastic and as helpful as the next.

It has been a grand year at Wheaton. Hats off to one group of those who helped to make it so.





1949-1950 HAS BEEN the initiation year for the Honor System at Wheaton. In addition to the Academic Honor System which Wheaton has had for several years, the students voted, in the spring of 1949, to have a Social Honor System. This system now affects all aspects of campus life. The Honor Board plays a very important role as the link between the System and the Student.

The Board is composed of the Chairman of the Honor System, the House Chairman, the officers of C.G.A., and a sophomore representative. Each student is on her honor to report any rule violation she has committed to her House Chairman, who reports it to the Honor Board. At its Monday night meetings the Board then discusses each case and decides the penalty.

The House Chairmen deserve a great deal of credit for their work. This year they have done a particularly fine job as leaders of the Honor System. Mary Arnold, Chairman of the Honor Board, has done an outstanding job as the first chairman. Her fine sense of responsibility and firm faith in the individual has been an inspiration to all. With the combined efforts of Mary, the House Chairmen, and the entire community, Wheaton proudly can call the Honor System a success.

HONOR BOARD



CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION



WITH WARM CANDLE glow lighting the chapel and forming a lovely pattern around Peacock Pond, the true spirit of Wheaton's Christian Association was introduced to the campus. Em Frum, as president, had just conducted the traditionally beautiful candlelight service.

During the fall, C.A.'s vice-president Sunny Lawson attended the Boston area Intercollegiate Conference and kept the campus informed of C.A. activities throughout the country.

As Thanksgiving approached, Joanne Benninghoff and her Community Service Committee distributed baskets of food to Norton's needy families. At Christmas time the committee collected money and clothing for the same cause.

Every day you could see Chappy Anderson and some member of the School Projects group heading for Chartley School, where they assisted in the first and second grades. In Norton too, they supervised many Girl Scout and Brownie activities.

The gleeful shouts of Norton's first graders as Santa Claus arrived at their Christmas party in the Cage were sufficient reward for the efforts of Barbie Wilson and the Play Club.

Once again the World Fellowship drive with Connie Hurd as chairman provided channels through which students contributed to local and world organizations.

Judy Merrow's Interracial-Interfaith group held discussions pertinent to their interests throughout the year, while Sally Ann Budgell and the Worship Committee planned many inspiring vesper services. Two successful dances are to the credit of Barb Smith, Social Chairman, who was also a charming hostess at C.A.'s many teas.

Peg Baker managed the treasury, and Norma Smallwood was secretary during a rewarding year.





WHEATON NEWS

WHO CARES about Front-Page Farrell when Dorsh and Mary are around! Their "scoop sense" and zest for work is incomparable and definitely catching at times. Did a News reporter ever corner you? Then you know how it is. One thing, we could always count on News in our Friday night mailbox. But we never realized that every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, the entire staff became slaves to proofreading, headlining, and managing News. Libby, Polly, and Shirl, as associate editors, bubbled with ideas at every issue, phoned for late articles, wrote and rewrote, and in general became commissars of editorial knowledge. (Wednesday night was snack night, too—with the carton of cookies from Everett's Christmas party standing nobly by the journalists.)

News, like all else on campus, has its lighter moods. Clever cartoons, funny features, and the long-awaited April Fool's edition where men roamed the Wheaton grounds and the faculty flaunted incredible pseudonyms. All between the pages, of course.





DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION



CHANGE was the keynote of the 1949-50 dramatic season, which was marked by the return of Miss McKee and the arrival of Miss Schrenk. Ticket prices were cut to fit the Wheaton theatre-goer's pocketbook. Plays were selected for their appeal to a variety of interests on campus. Casts and crews kept in close contact through weekly round tables and "gripe" sessions. The officers—Hatti, Chase, Joy Munnecke, and Shirl Marshall worked to establish a set procedure to follow in organizing a dramatic association.

The results of all this groundwork were evident in the polished twin production of "Village Wooing" and "The Shoemaker's Prodigious Wife", as well as in the sensitive interpretation of "Family Portrait". So here's an extra round of applause for the hard-working gals in D.A.

THE GALS in the leaping leotards who make an annual appearance each spring in a dance concert may give the inexperienced observer the idea that modern dance is simple and requires little effort. Actually, behind those graceful elevations, turns, and falls executed by Wheaton's dancers, lie weeks of strenuous exercise and long practice accompanied by bumps, bruises, and blisters.

In the fall, old members and apprentices to Dance Group began to prepare for the concert, under the supervision of Miss Shaffer, the new dance instructor. Plans were completed soon after new understudies were elected to the group. Second semester saw the graceful gals busy rehearsing the dances selected for the April performance.

A program of dances characterized by a great variety in choreography was offered this



DANCE GROUP



year. In the first part of the performance, Cam McRobert's interpretation of a Scottish ballad with choral accompaniment, and a dance drama based on a Russian novel, translated into movement by Carol Rice, preceded two solo pieces by Ginny Hay and Sally Sprague. A long group work with original choreography, narrative, and music written for its presentation by Miss Barry, took up the last half of the program.

The success of the 1950 Dance Concert was brought about by the hard work and enthusiasm of all the members of Dance Group. Officers Carolyn Rice, Cam McRoberts, and Jody Blatchford, assisted by Publicity Director Ginny Hay, Social Chairman Sally Sprague, and Wardrobe Mistress Pam Welden deserve credit for the efficient running of the year's activities.

NIKÉ



JAN MARSH, Niké's energetic editor, claims that her staff does all the work while she worries. But her worrying has produced a yearbook that the class of 1950 is proud to regard as the record of their experiences, activities, and personalities.

Ceci, as associate editor, has shared much of the load with Jan. New ideas have been contributed by Lou, advertising manager, while Ginny has somehow succeeded in drawing together those proverbial loose ends in the business department. Cy wields her artistic pen throughout the pages that Fran and

Connie have spent innumerable hours editing and rewriting. Jers has patiently pored through hundreds of photographs, and Dave Jordan, THE publisher, met all their suggestions with a casual, "I'll buy that".

Just ask any of the staff about Mr. Flynn, the photographer, and they'll give you a sheepish grin. It seems that no one was anxious to spend the necessary hours helping the poor man until they discovered his unique sense of humor! Everyone has had a grand time compiling this year's Niké—the results show it!





RUSHLIGHT

WHERE is the Grade A cream of Wheaton's talent? There it is in black and white—the beauty of word etchings in poems, stories, and articles. El, as editor, and Polly and Cam select the best samples of Wheaton's literary art. This year's feature was a Rushlight prize awarded for the most valuable contribution, excluding staff members. Rushlight is not the mirror but the well of life at Wheaton. If you look deep enough, you're sure to find yourself.

ART

COLOR, STYLE, talent—and there's another poster for the Art Club! Edie Wohanka and Patsy Rea wave the paint brush through many an "arty" gathering. Art for art's sake? Why sure! An exhibition for the whole college of the Shippee Art Collection, a lecture by Miss Haspels on "The Greek Vase and its Proportions", art books from the Boston Museum of Contemporary Art. The "golden age" lasted one whole weekend—a symposium on painting, architecture and sculpture in the spring.





A WHEATON CHRISTMAS without a Choir concert is unthinkable. The long rehearsals fade into breath-taking beauty then. This year with president, Nada Lane; secretary, Peg Brion; librarian, Carolyn Keyes; marshal, Connie MacDonald; manager, Dorry Rainsford for the first semester and Amy Levine and Julie MacMillan for second semester; and supervisor Ginger Robbins, the program has been even bigger and better. "Rimsky" and "Sunny Bank" at the carol concert and broadcast, the Bach Festival with the Zimble String Sinfonietta—"music hath charms . . ."

CHOIR



WHEATONES

“NINE-THIRTY in the Cage tonight, everyone”, Shirl reminded her gang of the hourly sessions for hashing over harmony. From those mad musical moments came chordal structures sung with the traditional Wheatone spirit—lasting arrangements for tunes to suit every mood (Indigo?). Wick, June, Ann, Ruth, Len, and Barby will long remember serenading Miss Colpitts and the Christmas Dance.



WHIMS

W-H-I-M-S! Kathy's crew has the mellow touch—like a solo sax in a Goodman arrangement. Wheaton dances, Trinity dances—they're the belles of every intermission. Such vim and vigor, too! At 6 (!!!) on that December morning they caroled us 'back to civilization'. 'Twas bitter cold, too.



MUSIC CLUB



FROM SPIKE JONES to Ben Brittain, from Carousel to La Traviata, from zither to second violin—all make up the Music Club. Some sing in choir, and some play seven or eight instruments, but the interest is there. Galore! Lectures on jazz, concert jaunts. Wheaton recitals—Dub wields the guiding baton.



National Students Association

DOTTO stood up at the Community Meeting in Plimpton, leaned on the rostrum, looked at each of us with a challenge in her eyes, and spoke. We, in turn, stopped counting stitches, and listened.

N.S.A. is a real and working organization. Dotto, Dorry, Margaret, and Phebe made it so at Wheaton. As before, N.S.A. sold purchase cards. Among the new projects was a series of N.S.A. sponsored concerts and an introduction to *Essai*, the first national student magazine.

Dotto's eagerness, "Wanna go to an N.S.A. conference?" Dorry's tales about her trip to the Second Annual National meeting, Margaret's unfailing aid to Dotto and capability as treasurer, and Phebe's private information bureau (it keeps Wheaton in contact with the rest of New England) all make N.S.A. "something Big" at Wheaton.

United World Federalists

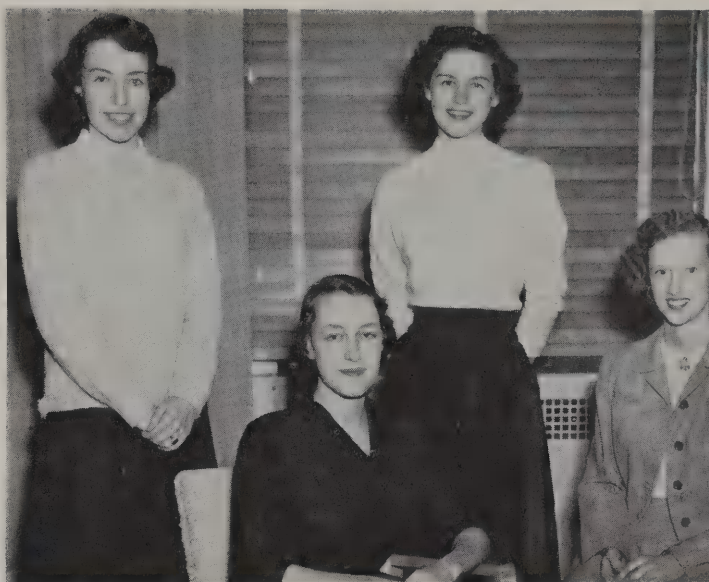
WITH THEIR aim of educating the public always in mind, the Wheaton chapter of UWF has been active on campus all year. It is dedicated to the establishment of a limited world government which would give the world that security through enforced law which every nation enjoys within its own boundaries. Federalists believe this can be achieved through the United Nations, for it is only the present set-up, strongly believing that no organization is worthwhile that cannot invoke its laws upon an offending member.

Through speeches by our own Mrs. Boas and by outside speakers, and student discussions of the Federalist principles, Kitty Johnson and Pat Morey have led the chapter in presenting a possible solution to world problems today.



PSYCHE

A SOCIETY, honorary and literary—these are the aims of Psyche. Excellent speakers offer intellectual stimulation—among others, Stephen Spender on “Poetry in the Modern World” and André Morize on “The Spirit of French Culture”. Small groups meet now and then for discussions on English literature. Organizational stimulation? “Why, of course!” say Jean Robotham, president, Cam McRoberts, vice president, Polly Fuller, secretary and Pat Newman, treasurer. Remember? Psyche and Cupid were immortalized. Now we know why.



SCIENCE CLUB

FROM SUMMER jobs with test tubes and microscopes to the minute happenings among the bacteria—all these have been subjects of lectures and reports at the Science Club programs. Under the able leadership of Ann Hibbard and Marion Callaghan, the club has presented lectures by Dr. Nickerson and off-campus speakers, as well as reports by students and the club members. No ivory-tower scientists they—representatives were also sent to scientific conferences held in this region.



IRC

JEANNIE FISHER and her I.R.C. girls are really on their toes. Not a worldly thing escapes their visions, whether it be a strike in Taunton or an explosion in Russia. All problems are equally "ponderable"—oriental or occidental, foreign or domestic. Wednesday meetings usually center on weekly happenings; the Round Table discussions Monday nights are on announced topics. There's just enough room to give a rousing cheer for Dr. Knapton—a grand host, chock full of group dynamics.

Romance Language

THE NAME is misleading. Romance is neither the cause, purpose, nor the means. Still, linguistic pursuits yield gay times for over one hundred and fifty members of the Romance Languages Club led by Onaita MacIntyre. "Tertulia" saw movies of Spain shown by Angeles Gasset— and with DA, "plugged" the Spanish setting of "The Shoemaker's Prodigious Wife". "Le Cercle Francais" heard Monsieur Drans talk on French legends in Asia. At Christmas, the groups danced around a Spanish "piñata" and munched on French sausages.



CLASSICS

SEVERN TIMES a year Ancient Rome and Greece visit Miss Work's home. Homer and Virgil hob-nob with Julie McMillan, president, and other members of the Classics Club. Each year's highlight is the Christmas banquet, one year following the Greek traditions, and the next, the Roman. These girls don't live in the past, the past lives with them. Why else such a stimulating Classical Symposium? Why else such invigorating lectures—both by students and professors? Would Homer be delighted with our modernized classicism? We think so.



Psychology Club

IF YOU WANT to know all about standard deviation, or if you seek a super-duper personality, or if you want to know (you can't be *dying* of curiosity) why your favorite little cousin bit his dog in the leg—Psych is your department. Psychology Club aroused new interest on campus with brilliant lectures in new fields. All kinds of psychological approaches (other clubs take note!) were used successfully by Alice Taylor, president, and Marilyn, Shirley, and Barbie.



Coordinating Committee

COMPOSED OF BOTH student and faculty members, the Coordinating Committee provides an opportunity for the discussion of campus issues from all angles. Suggestions concerning all phases of college life are received, and appropriate action is recommended by the Committee after discussion and research.

The faculty representatives are Miss Augur, Miss Sweeney, and Miss White. President Jeanne Fisher heads the class representatives; Virginia Lowry and Joan Robertson, 1950; Nancy Wedge and Shirley Cross, 1951; and Sally Silverman and Callie Nakos, 1952.

Debate Club

ALL THE ORATORY of Daniel Webster has nothing on the skill which Wheaton debaters have gained in the enthusiastic Debate Club. Edie Engler and Zelda Freedman this year have stirred up peppy discussions at practice debates on campus where members learn debating techniques. Everything—from social questions to major world controversies—are stated and ripped apart zealously both on campus and away at the invitation of other colleges. It was a fine year and one full of fun, too.





A A BOARD

WITH ECHOES of Kenny's "Everyone can par-ti-ci-pate!" ringing through the gym, and Shurt's inspiring message from the Wisconsin conference, the A.A. Board started our 1949-50 sports season.

This season proved to be a very successful one too—Ellen imported men from Harvard and Tech for a day filled with a hike, picnic, and square dance. Sis turned Crazy Kampus Karnival into a fun-packed afternoon. Muffy managed the tennis tournaments with a skill equal to her winning performance on the court, and contrived to get

interested spectators into Boston for some professional tennis (Gonzales-Kramer).

Once again Wheaton showed her prowess in foreign fields—winning the hockey play-day at Wellesley.

Under Barbie Cole's competent direction, the inter-dorm volleyball competition provided many exciting evenings during the winter, and the faculty-student volley-ball game was again a source of much hilarity.

Shurt, Sis, Julie, and Bibber, plus a terrific Board, have made this a memorable year for A.A.





RIDING

LET'S BE TRITE and say, "Third time never fails." Tis true, though. But the Riding Team's glowing victory over House in the Pines this year was not a chance one. Rocky and Junior, smiling but determined, paved the route. Six-o'clock breakfasts, "Oh, that

toast!", muddy drills, tired "8:30 class-ers". The horses reared, the girls were nervous, tired, and discouraged; Mother Nature was never catering. Each day saw new problems, but November 7th saw the trophy here. A "jolly good" reward.

TRITONS

WHEN THE winter season started in November, the Tritons and Tritonettes once again donned blue tank suits, caps and klaks, and delved into practice for the March show. Tryouts were over, and old and new members put their heads together to work up routines, long to be remembered as "slightly terrific!" Mary, Joannie, and Lorraine guided the clubs and were aided by invaluable advice from Miss Ware. The hard work, the constantly dripping hair, and the harrassed looks of the swimmers were well worth it, for the show was a howling success, and Tritons and Tritonettes of '49-'50 can always be proud of their presentation.

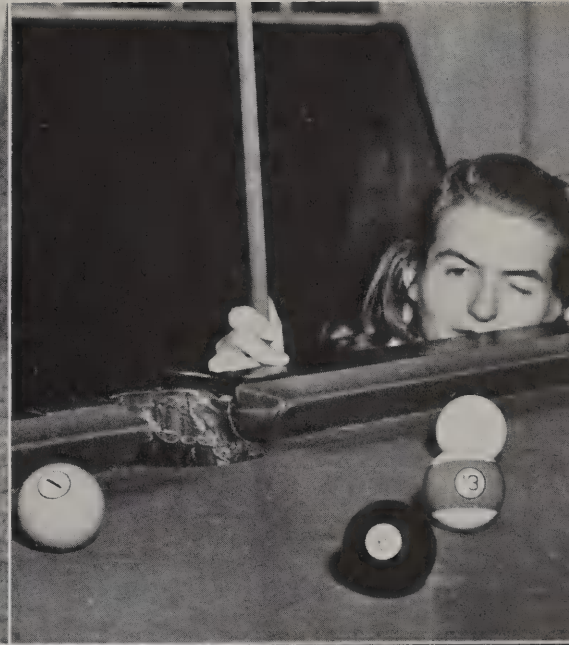


SPORTS

COME ON TEAM! The cry of the sports fan echoed loud and strong over the campus this year as the different classes and individual dorms fought for those coveted silver sports cups. The tremendous surge of spirit in the 1949-50 sports season was brought on by a more equal division of strength among the classes than was usual. The seniors, who traditionally sail through the season undefeated, lost their claim to fame and were retired to the rear ranks in fall competition. The Freshmen, on the other hand, made an amazingly quick adjustment to college life and came out

for sports with great enthusiasm. And, of course, the carefree Sophs and Juniors, already used to the Wheaton grind and having no immediate worries such as generals and jobs on their minds, found time and energy to stretch their legs on the athletic field. Shurt and the "lovely ladies" on the A.A. board kept up the lively spirit in Sports meetings, too, with songs and cracks as they outlined to us their plans for the athletic year.

The fall rains held off long enough for a new tennis champ to be crowned in the inter-class tournaments. Muffie Short upheld





the honor of her senior class by climbing to the top of the upper class ladder and then defeating freshman star Carol Weymuller. With Muffie's victory and the winning of an archery tournament, which excited more interest than usual on campus, the seniors seemed off to a good start, but in inter-class hockey games they were overwhelmed by strong Sophomore and Junior teams. These two fought out a play-off battle resulting in the supremacy of the Sophs! The Varsity hockey team, not content with capping high honors at the Wellesley playday, looked for greater competition, and a large audience saw them defeat a visiting "amateur" Harvard team by a score of 1-0!

The high point of the fall season was the K K K, which is fast becoming a traditional A.A. sponsored event. The Krazy Kampus Karnival, whose proceeds go to Friends of Wheaton, featured everything from novelty relay races and games of chance to candy apples. This was the first opportunity of the year to accumulate points toward the inter-dorm sports cup and the Chapin Indians

whooped off with the greatest number of points during the afternoon.

As weather conditions became more uncertain, athletics moved indoors. The first part of the winter saw the seniors stage a partial comeback in interclass sports as they came out on top in the weekly swimming meets. Had anyone looked into the gym on cold nights after library hours, she might have been greeted by anything from wool skirts to night shirts as volley ball enthusiasts warmed up for their inter-dorm tournament. In the finals, little Chapin finished a close second to mighty Stanton.

Between semesters Outing Clubbers found enough snow to do some plain and fancy skiing at North Woodstock. With the beginning of second semester the basket ball season got into full swing. Inter-class competition was climaxed by the choice of a varsity team which took part in a Pembroke playday. Through the latter part of the winter months, shuttle cocks were whizzing over the nets in the gym; ping pong paddles and bowling balls in S.A.B. kept busy much of



the time, while in the pool eager freshmen splashed ahead in the all-college marathon. Faculty and Seniors teams met for the first time this year in a volley ball game which left the professors with stiff muscles and calloused fists!

At about the time of the Triton Show, Wheaton athletes changed from shorts to their party best for a sports banquet which featured good food as well as our own Janie Hering. All those who had participated in fall and winter sports were honored at this occasion.

The longer spring days brought with them the welcomed return of the popular twilight league baseball games. The Faculty, determined to repair the defeat suffered last year at the hands of the students, spent long hours on the baseball diamond in preparation for their big game. The tennis courts became occupied once more as the days grew warmer. Singles and doubles matches were played off under the hot sun and the golf range and archery field received extensive use.

The Athletic Association sponsored a variety of events of Founder's Day, which could not help but appeal to any active or spectator sportsman. A mixed doubles tennis match started off the afternoon followed by the inter-class horseshow. Late afternoon was baseball time, and later the smell of roasting frankfurters invited all for a picnic supper at the archery field. An evening performance of the dance concert finished off a perfect spring day.

The sports program this year was, without a doubt, one of the most successful in Wheaton's history. The enthusiasm and interest of the student body has been evident in the close competition of the various class and dorm tournaments. A.A. has responded to this new spirit by enlarging its plans for the future. Spring ping pong and bowling tournaments were started this year; archery was carried over from fall; and a completely new sport has been created as the result of a growing interest in pool. But, the increase in these minor sports is not the most important innovation which has come from the current athletic season. The project of turning a part of the reservoir into a recreation site for the use of the college is being realized due to the efforts of the athletic board and its energetic president, Nancy Shurtleff.

VODVIL IS



A NEW WORD was coined on campus this year—Slumposis! Under the leadership of the chief architect, Helen Schimmenti, *Blueprints* developed from hazy ideas of psychoanalysis, Slumposis, and the Social Common System. What would Wheaton be like under Karl Marx, Clare Boothe Luce, or Billy Rose? If the faculty would be changed into students, if men would invade the classrooms, if the Browsing Room were changed into a Carousing Room—would Wheaton be a Wheatopia? These were the weighty questions facing the seven members of the committee who met weekly in Larcom 340 - the result? *Blueprints*—the 1950 Vodvil!

Suffering from a strange malady, the members of the Sophomore Class found themselves "gravitatin'" toward Howard Street. This was where Lover-Boy Hill (Nancy Hoff) stepped in aided by a psych. 101 book and the red pill. Light was thrown on the cause of the malady when each sophomore revealed her innermost soul (head and feet equidistant from the floor) and her dreams of a changed Wheaton. Each had her own particular gripe—Helen Schimmenti wanted a petition aired at Burpmont—but confusion



BACK TO STAY

reigned as Clare Boothe Luce (Marge Berg) refused to recognize the necessity of a Mandolin Club on campus. Pooh Vincent's plea for equality was characterized by Tanya, Volga, and Olga and the inevitable red cranberries. Miss Clark (Cy Stuart) struggled for a bigger and better Wheaton complete with show girls and aquacade; Madame Pinacoli (Joy Munnecke) worked for more understanding between the sexes at Wheatopia U. and Fraternity Gal (Willa Westbrook) was all for it.

And what would Vodvil be without its faculty take-offs? Mr. "Got-a-butt" McSkinnis (Irma Clebник) and Mr. "Leetle Pomphleet" Vakar (Carol Kolbert) were plagued by the coquetish Miss McKee (Ann Fischer) as we saw our professors from the other side of the podium. Needless to say the confusion was ironed out in the Finale as Dr. Meneely (Carla Turner) questioned satisfied sophomore, Shirley Cross.

And that's not all - for what would Vodvil be without the music of Sis Saunders, Dottie King, and Shirley Cross and the choreography of Didi Rice?



LIFE IS FAR FROM

RINSO-WHITE!

QUIET HOURS!!!!

THE PAINT MAN COMETH.

EVERY NIGHT ABOUT THIS TIME.

HAPPY TALK

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD



DORM-ANT HERE

"...and imagine the peacock's surprise when she found that she'd hatched a crow's egg along with her own!"

NOW THAT we've considered the shock of the peacock, let's consider the case of the poor crow. Imagine waking to a new, strange world amid a nestful of birds who all seem to belong somehow—proud birds, who already know how to fly, when to fly, and, better yet, why to fly. If you still lack a clear picture, then think back to your first freshman days.

You were the crow. You awoke one morning and the four cold walls greeted you. You just never would be able to fit in with all those proud birds who chirped in such strange accents. For a short time you remembered a warmer nest somewhere else—then, suddenly, you realized that *this* was your nest! This was your dorm.

In the nest, whose name was Everett, Cragin, Stanton, Larcom, Chapin, Metcalf, Kilham, or White House, life was taking shape. You trudged down stairs to pick up your bacon and muffin every morning at 7:30. "I shoulda stood in bed," you muttered—and sometimes you did.

Another bell—let's go! Pretty soon the old nest looks pretty darn good, and the particular corner that you sleep in is heaven—and often sees just as remotely obtainable.

The best times are those when you could settle down to a game of bridge after supper, to a warm-up song around the piano just before choir practice, or to a coke and smoke in the lower recesses just before grinding out another paper. Slowly, you began to realize that those strange birds were really your sisters under the feathers.

Sure, life had its rough spots, someone took the shower every time you wanted to use it, and someone else kept getting phone calls just when you knew HE'd call. Just like one, big, happy family.

But remember the dorm spirit that developed when a volleyball game would decide things . . . remember the friendly click of knitting needles at house meetings . . . the exciting sound of male voices in the rooms during open house . . . the deadly quiet on your floor when you're the only one that didn't make the dance . . . the parties at Christmas and hallowe'en . . . the Sunday morning papers?

Remember just a few of these things, add a few of your own, and you'll find that your nest is feathered—feathered with countless happy memories. Now you're flying straight—straight as the crow flies!





Six times a week

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

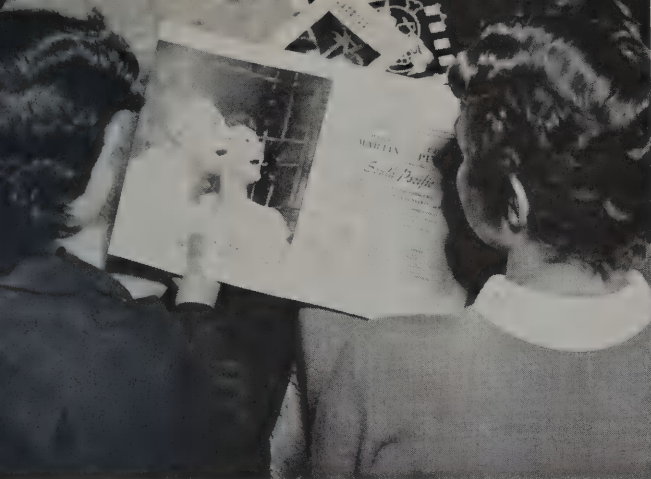
MEN, MUSIC, AND MISTLETOE

THEY ALSO RAN

LOOK MA, I'M DANCIN'

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

SHAMPOO, RINSE, AND THAT FAMOUS PAUSE



AN ENCHANTED EVENING



PARLOR POOPERS

AND TWICE ON SUNDAYS.....

*When speaking of Society,
The peacock has Priority*

—for who can spread her feathers with greater effect than she, and who can carry her tail more proudly? And thereby hangs a tale—beginning with calomine lotion on Thursday, continuing with curlers on Friday, and concluding with Eureka! on Saturday night of the dance. Founder's Day, Riding Meet, Christmas, May Day—or the weekends for the sophs and juniors to flutter—Wheaton's social register lists many a regional representative who flew in on the wings of Eastern airlines or the wings of a song with the aid

of a persuasive thumb. He may be a lark from Cambridge, a pigeon from home, or a kingfisher from faraway Kalamazoo, but he's here, thank heavens!—so start strutting.

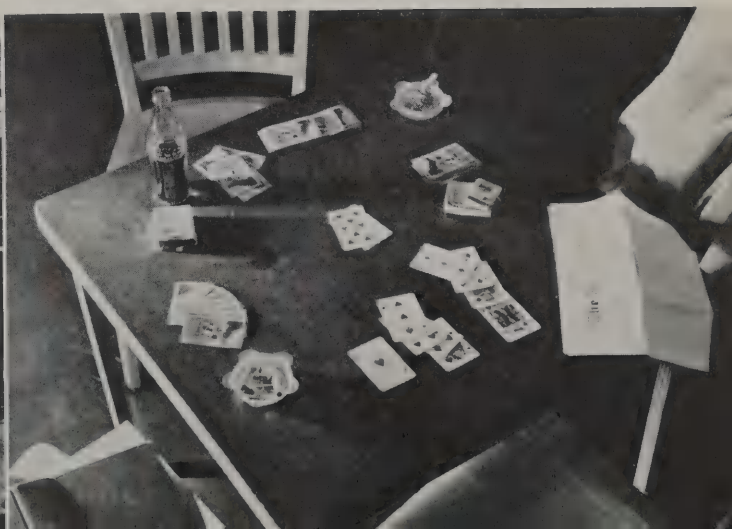
The barnyard jeans are laid away and across the floor of Plimpton sweep the yards of finery. The scent of sweet gardenias and the strains of subtle music work charms into the savage breasts. Many a male has soared high over the Wheaton roosts, only to find his wings clipped by a weekend of pleasant entertainment.

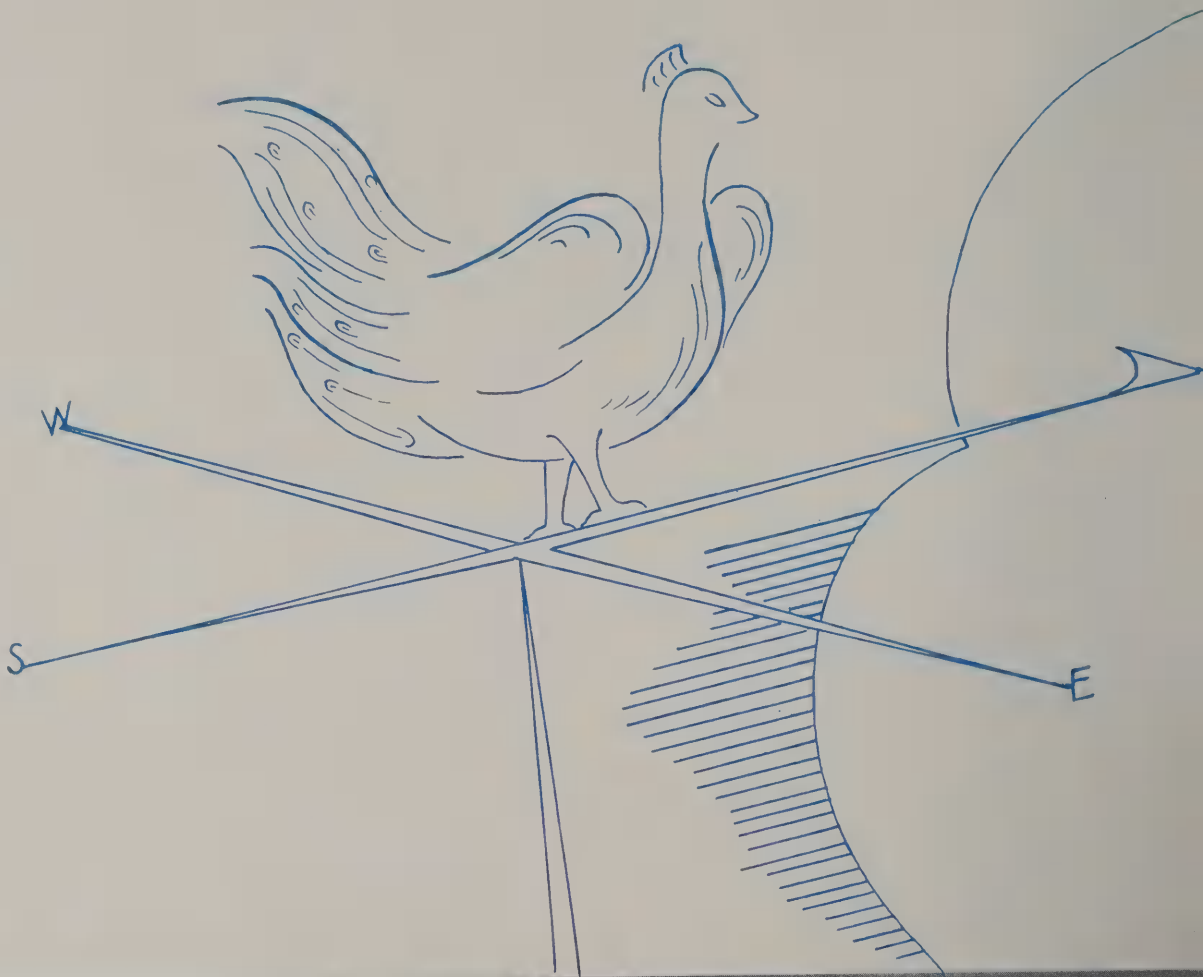
So, spread your tail-feathers, peacock-child. Socially speaking, you're OK.

"SAD AND PIPED WE HEARD THEM SING"



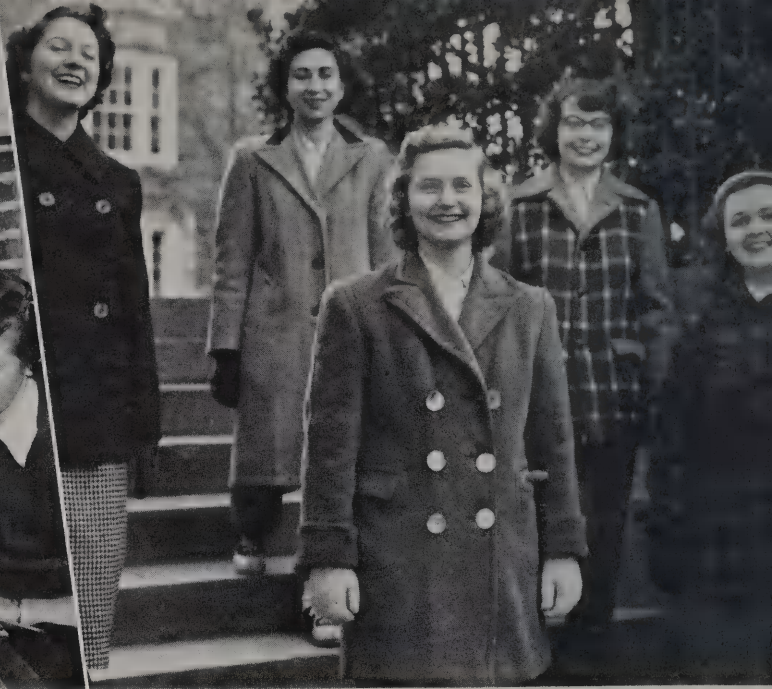
TGIF





CLASSES





CLASS OF 1953



President Charlotte Gonzalez, Vice-president Nancy Esenwein, Secretary Annis Scott, Treasurer Phyllis Mason, Songleader Mary Joan Beach

ONE SUNNY day in September our friendly peacock saw one hundred and seventy-four pea green freshmen arrive on the Wheaton campus—174 little hopefuls, trying hard to be more “collegiate” than the college ever thought of being. College Women. For one glorious week we enjoyed that title. A banquet was held in our honor, *the Freshman Banquet*. We started to gain the inevitable twenty pounds with the entrée, and by dessert we had firmly resolved to diet to hold our seams together. We trotted off to the President’s reception armed with a determination to make a lasting impression on Dr. Meneely, but alas! one hundred and seventy-three other femme fatales had the same idea. Yes, we were now College Women.

But we soon discovered that the sophomores were jealous of our popularity, and they forced us into a servitude that was little better than slavery. Signs visible at 200 yards were hung on our shoulders, and what hidden talent was discovered! Some of us, we found, were Indians at heart, and others loved to fish so much that even a downpour couldn’t keep them away from the Dimple. Through a stroke of pure genius, we escaped our bondage to cheer at the Brown-Holy



Cross game. But all things come to an end—even Hell week (appropriately named), and the sophomores, to get back in our good graces no doubt, threw a party for us, which ended in a grand bonfire with our signs for fuel. Back to the gym for skits, where Kilham won top honors with Es's "Macdeath". Ten days later, we sat around another fire. The Junior-Freshman Bacon Bat. No bacon, but plenty of everything else. As October rolled around, there were furtively whispered rumors of a Brown Acquaintance. Dance. Curious, we gave it a try. Met plenty of "hostesses"; where were the men?

Time marched on, and the class of '53 began to show its talents. We hated to admit defeat in hockey, but our honorary team was something to boast about: Shirl Freedley, Fran Sherwood, Nancy Esenwein, Nickie Peyser, A. Scott, Ann Pentland, and Tink Luhmann. Shirl even made the all-college team. Yes, we have the spirit! Carol Weymuller was freshman tennis champ and reached the all-college semi-finals. Ann Adams and Peanut Smith are now Tritons, Pat Parcher made the Dance Group. Boots Cousins received honors in riding, and Fran Sherwood took the reserve championship in the Riding Meet. Tritonettes, Understudy, Riding Team, D.A., all

were enriched by the addition of numerous '53-ers. Come time for the swimming meet, we all marched down to the pool and cheered our class to second place.

By the time Thanksgiving was over, we were ready to go home for Christmas, 445 hours and 15 minutes away. Then too, our parents had seen our marks. Well, Winston Churchill was no brain either, and look where he is now. As the holidays drew nearer, our Christmas spirit reached a feverish pitch. How could we be otherwise with all those glistening snow drifts around (all of two inches!). In the midst of term papers and exams, we found time to go carolling and to attend the Christmas Banquet.

Our class officers were elected early in December. The class of 1953 chose as its leaders Tita Gonzales, president; Nancy Esenwein, vice president; A. Scott, secretary; Phyl Mason, treasurer; Jo Beach, songleader; Joan Duffy, A.A. representative; and Carol Sreenan, Friends of Wheaton representative. And now we feel ourselves to be a very vital part of Wheaton. We have as a bond of unity the experiences of the first months of college, and with the peacock as our guide, we dream of the richness to be ours in the next three years.



CLASS OF 1952

THE FIRST day of the college year saw us struggling through the Slype dragging bags stuffed with well-worn dungarees, plaid shirts, and pedal pushers, bursting with newfound pride. For we, the class of '52, were now full fledged Wheatonites! No one need explain to *us* the significance of the gilded peacock on the chapel spire. Never would *we* make the mistake of running through the Dimple or under the Slype light without good reason. Two of our number, Betsy Decker, class president, and Jonesey, C.G.A. secretary, had joined other college officers at the Birchmont conference. Some of us were among those who returned with stars in their eyes and sparkling fraternity pins fastened to their sweaters. Yes, we, the sophomores, had finally acquired campus "know how".



It all began with freshman initiation. We tried to think up stunts which would make the freshman feel at home here at Wheaton. And thus the unlucky newcomers sometimes found themselves fishing in the Dimple or doing Indian war dances through the halls of Chapin. But we ended it up with a bang—a picnic for our "little sisters" at which a huge ceremonial bonfire was built to consume all freshman signs. After all the excitement was over, we met with Miss Colpitts to discuss the rights and wrongs of Freshman Week, and Dink Wise, our vice president was commissioned to set down initiation do's and don't's.



We felt honored, indeed, that our secretary, Toppy Hince, was chosen to represent Wheaton at a farewell party for Miss Littlefield aboard the Queen Elizabeth bound for France. Some of us, led by Callie Nakos, came up with a proposal that our main project for the next three years be the establishment of a fund in memory of Jane Mange, a former classmate. The income from a small amount set aside by the class will be used to buy current economics books which Jane might have been able to use in her major studies here. We felt our part in the pattern

of college life as we stood in class green and white in a cold October rain, following Mollie McShane in a traditional song to our sisters in academic gown—and so the fall flew by.

Before we knew it, Christmas was at hand. In the last few rushed days of hour exams, papers, and packing, a group of sophs found time to drop in at Miss Colpitts' house to help string candy canes on a clothesline for the senior carolling party. Others busied themselves sewing, scrubbing, and singing for our entertainment at the Christmas Banquet. The mummers and choristers, led by Bev Silverstein, our Court Jester, and Pooh Vincent, the House Fool, set a precedent this year by carrying on all their antics in both dining rooms.



President Elizabeth Decker, Vice-president Betty Lou Wise, Secretary Priscilla Lindsay, Treasurer Charlotte Hince, Songleader Mollie McShane



After the winter vacation, we returned to the serious job of studying for those mid-year exams, always keeping in mind ideas and plans for the Soph Hop. Neeta Villa and her committee outdid themselves on the decorations for the February dance. We were happy to be able to give treasurer Percy Lindsay the proceeds from the Hop to add to the growing memorial fund.

Best of all the year for us was spring—a spring filled with pride in the lovely Queen of the May chosen from among our members to reign over those assembled in the Dimple. Soon we were full of the excitement of our small part in the June graduation, and thus our simple gold seal rings became suddenly the symbols of oncoming responsibilities as upperclassmen.

CLASS OF 1951

President Harriet Bollman, Vice-president Lucia Harvie, Secretary Margaret Baker, Treasurer Shirley Cross, Songleader Katharine Hall



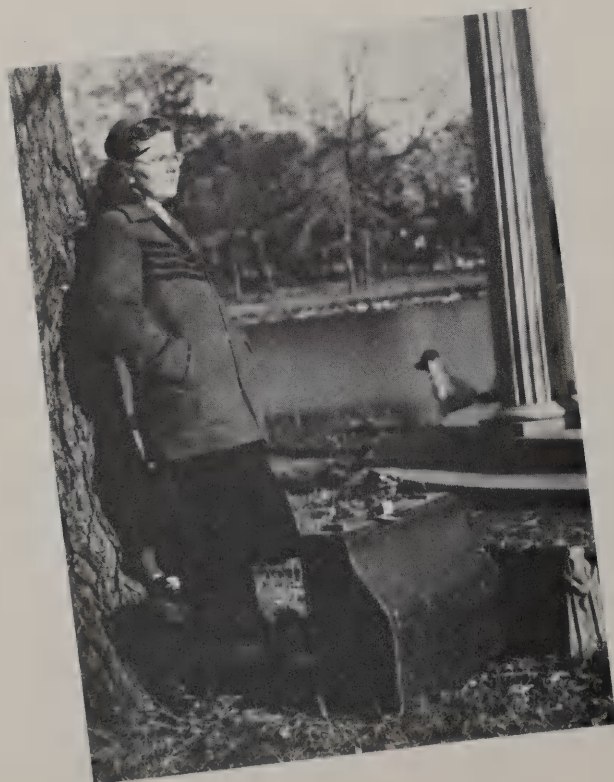
SUMMER DIDN'T even seem over when we returned to college that bright September day, yet everything seemed marvellously familiar as we strolled about the campus to look for our freshman sisters—living symbols of our new dignity as upperclassmen. Even though it was our third year, there were many new faces, and we soon learned, to our great amazement, that our sister class boasted almost twice our number. We soon found the

ones belonging to us, found them, in fact, surprisingly self-sufficient, compared to our feelings two years earlier. Sunday morning and breakfast at the Inn—and we were sure that our sisters were gals to be proud of.

Soon we were unpacked and settled, and while getting acquainted with the new class, we missed a few familiar faces. Sheila Shields, Phyl Klein, and Milly Amdur were spending their junior year in France, and we anxiously awaited letters telling of the opera and ballet, as well as their classes and exams. But the days passed quickly, and soon we were faced with elections at the strangest class meeting ever held in Science B-1 . . . complete with vaudeville routines and melodies by Sis (the Schmoo) Saunders. With one eye on Harri Bollman, the "efficiency expert" we had elected the previous spring, and the other on the show, we managed to cast our votes electing Lou Harvie, Shirley Cross, Peg Baker, and Kathy Hall.

The Bacon Bat (no bats, no bacon) gave us a chance to meet our freshmen sisters in a party mood. We all had a marvelous time, consuming hamburgers and hot dogs, and listening to the Wheatons, and then doing a little singing ourselves, accompanied by Sis and her accordion. It was a night we could never forget.

Days and weeks flew quickly by, and we of '51 started to shine everywhere on campus.





In sports, Bibber was tremendous on the hockey field, and Libby was our star tennis champ. In the clubs, Chase was now treasurer of DA, Smitty and Koebal were on the C.G.A. Board, and Naita MacIntyre was guiding the Romance Languages Club. Sunny Lawson as vice president of CA was searching for Wednesday morning chapel speakers along with many other duties, and Jan was pushing the Niké staff for an early deadline. In second semester we gained further laurels with Polly Fuller taking over as editor of *News*, and Mary Elsinger as head of the plans for May Day.

Soon it was December, and the hectic weeks of exams, papers, and choir rehearsals every other minute, were upon us. Yet one rainy night we found time to raise our voices in a sleepy serenade to the freshman officers. We were all soaked to the skin, but were sure our bubbling harmony was appreciated.

Before we knew it, midyears were only a nightmare of the past, and we were beginning to think of taking sunbaths on the gym roof. Suddenly we realized that the next week end was *our* week end, and as we hastily pressed our flapper dresses, we secretly wondered if our little sisters would appear, as it says in the handbook. But we really didn't care too much, for who could begrudge anyone a few minutes of that week end, of curly hair, no jeans, and "there's a caller in the parlor". It had been a heavenly week end, banquets and volleyball games, and a real revival of the Roaring Twenties and the Lost Generation, and still every one got to the Sunday morning breakfast in the cage.

All too soon the year was almost over, and as we romped across the campus at the Junior Frolic, hoping they'd *never* get a picture of it, we thought a little more seriously of the "senior dignity" we weren't quite too sure of. Already some of our class were delegated to lead campus activities: house chairmen and presidents of organizations—for our last year. And yet, even as we took one good look at the campus, with the peacock glistening as always, we couldn't believe our underclassmen days were over.

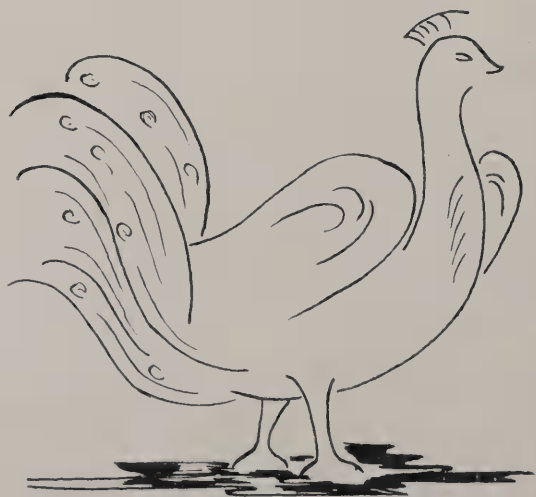


President June Marion, Vice-president June Baker, Secretary Barbara Smith, Treasurer Ann Cudner, Song-leader Jean Wedmore

CLASS OF 1950

IT WAS FALL again and as we trudged across the glistening peacock seemed to welcome us back for our last year.

The trunks came, bookcases were dusted and filled, and we shouted, "Once more unto the breach . . ." But this year something was different—something new had been added to the third fingers on left hands of many of us. At first we wore gloves, then smoked with our left hand, and finally we rushed madly to Sully's for the latest *Bride's Book*. Margie and Mickey were lecturing on how-to-clean-your-house-and-do-seminar-at-the-same-time. Our cosmopolites returned too, as Biki Hager and Phyl Hughes told of their travels in Italy and Len discribed her summer as I.R.C. scholar. Len and Nancy Hoff had also won an academic note, for both were Phi Betes when college resumed. In fact academically we shone with Kenney and Lois, Deedee and Nancy, also doing honors work. It was not just a profitable summer, but was proving to be an outstanding year, too.



But the pages of the calendar were ripping off and we were being welcomed by Ginny, almost unrecognizable without her raccoon coat, and being summoned to class meetings by June Marion. The riding meet came with victory at last! D.A. achieved several hits, proving after all, that the play is the thing when Hatti insists on perfection. Christmas came, and the Nativity managed to keep the secret of our choice, with Bee and Deedee as Mary and Joseph, while the Senior Carol Sing proved to be a more than gay affair which reaped a reward of candy canes, à la Colpitts.

But right along with the elevating feeling that we looked too old to have our ages questioned at Bill's came new problems. Disillusioned club presidents learned that speakers needed more than coaxing to come. The Library steps were discovered to be too cold and hard during the Winter to be worth while our smoking there. We got our caps to assume a reasonable fit and learned to keep them on in a stiff breeze. Skirts were donned at least once a week by most of us for Seminar, except the Philosophy majors who still tried to put spirit above appearance. And, above it all, was the ever present and unanswerable question as to how to produce 20

cups of coffee from a 4 cup pot.

There were also moments of sophistication. Cocktail parties with real live dates replaced the blue jeans and the beer picnics at the reservoir. The center Chapel door opened for us, and we were first at the mail, but with the only comparative stateliness. The duty of being senior hostesses impressed the freshmen with the fact that we were *the* upperclassmen.

But contrary to our speculation, we did learn something. The class learned that the reservoir picnic grounds is a long, cold, walk. Kilham and Metcalf learned that Pizza was a wonderful substitute for "train wreck" if you can find the place and the car. And Ginger learned that seminar could be incorporated with the Samba.

Life and freedom had arrived. No longer did we work our weary bones for the Athletic Department and no longer did we count our week end slips with loving care. But the year ended with the overwhelming question—would the GENERALS be as awful as the preceeding class had said? Would our fathers be able to play baseball? Would we get that parchment with the incomprehensible Latin? And finally, was it a year spent in stateliness, or a year spent in a state?



CLASS



RUT HILDA INGEBORG ABRAMSON
Chemistry
Eskilstuna, Sweden



SALLY JOY ALBRIGHT
Chemistry
New York, N. Y.



CHRISTA ELIZABETH ARNOLD
Botany
Upper Montclair, N. J.



MARY ELIZABETH ARNOLD
American Civilization
Ridgewood, N. J.

OF 1950

RUTH ELIZABETH AULT

English

Wayne, Maine



JEANNE LITTELL BAILLEY

Sociology

Washington, D. C.



JUNE GRAVES BAKER

Psychology

Atlanta, Georgia



BARBARA ANN BEAIRSTO

Modern Languages

Trenton, N. J.

WHEATON COLLEGE

JOANNE MARILYN BENNINGHOFF

Psychology

Willoughby, Ohio

MARJORIE PAISNER BERG

Psychology

Mansfield, Mass.



CARROLL BLAKE

Sociology

Bedford, Mass.

MARILYN ANN BLISS

Psychology

Medway, Mass.

CLASS OF 1950

BARBARA ANNE BOWES

American Civilization

Winchester, Mass.

MARGARET ESTELLE BRION

Sociology

Needham, Mass.



PHEBE EXILDA BRODEUR

History

Worcester, Mass.

CAROLINE MARGARET BROWN

Art

Melrose, Mass.

CLASS



JANE PEARSALL BROWN

English

Newtonville, Mass.



MARGARET ILSLEY BROWN

History

Newbury, Mass.



SALLY ANN BUDGELL

English

Danvers, Mass.



MARY ELLEN BURGESS

History

Pelham Manor, N. Y.

OF 1950

VIRGINIA BUTLER

Psychology

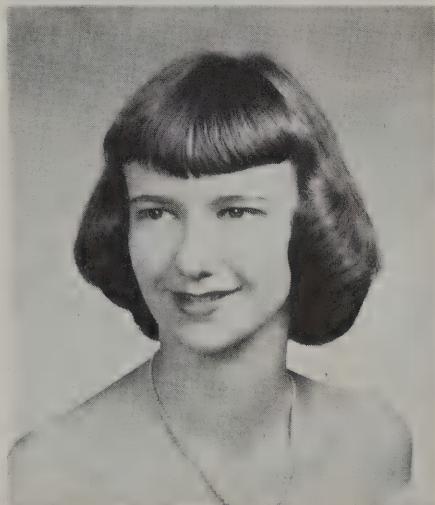
Edgewater Park, N. J.



LOIS CALDWELL

Philosophy

Milton, Mass.



JEAN ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

English

New York, N. Y.



NANCY JANE CHERRINGTON

Psychology

Coraopolis, Pa.

WHEATON COLLEGE

JUNE PRISCILLA CHILDS

Zoology

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

IRMA MIRIAM CLEBNIK

English

Lynn, Mass.



HARRIET STONE COLEMAN

English

Smithtown, N. H.

NANCY COLLIER CORWIN

Art

Garden City, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1950

LORAIN GRANT COWLES

American Civilization
Springfield, Mass.

ANN LEWIS CUDNER

English
Old Greenwich, Conn.



NANCY MARIE DAVIS

English
Euclid, Ohio

ISABELLA ABBOTT DICKSON

Zoology
Bridgeport, Conn.

CLASS



ANNE BARNARD ELLSWORTH

English

Newton Highlands, Mass.



EDITH BARBARA ENGLER

English

New York, N. Y.



JEANNE ELIZABETH FISHER

Government

Wilmington, Del.



ZELDA FRANCES FREEDMAN

Psychology

Brookline, Mass.

OF 1950

EMILY FRUM

Psychology

Shaker Heights, Ohio



GLORIA NANCY GARILLI

American Civilization

Windsor Locks, Conn.



ELLEN GUNDERSHEIMER

English

Baltimore, Md.



ELAINE CONYNGHAM HAGER

English

Lancaster, Pa.

WHEATON COLLEGE

CONSTANCE HARTWELL

English

Boston, Mass.

MARGRET HEINEMAN

Chemistry

Providence, R. I.



ANN STEVENS HIBBARD

Zoology

Lenox, Mass.

NANCY CYNTHIA HOFF

English

New Rochelle, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1950

PHYLLIS ANN HUGHES

History

Schenectady, N. Y.

MARY WARREN HURLBUT

Chemistry

Kenilworth, Ill.



NANCY CALDWELL JACOBS

French

Manlius, N. Y.

KATHERINE NEWHALL JOHNSON

Psychology

Swampscott, Mass.

CLASS



JACQUELINE COHEN KAY

English

Scarsdale, N. Y.



MARY SUZANNE KENNARD

English

Summit, N. J.



MARY JANE KENWORTHY

Mathematics

Coatesville, Pa.



DOROTHY BOURNE KING

Chemistry

Beverly, Mass.

OF 1950

DORSHA KINZEL

Music

Long Island, N. Y.



MARILYN WEILAND KLEIN

English

Cambridge, Mass.



BARBARA SUZANNE KRINGEL

Psychology

Long Island, N. Y.



ELEANOR LABELLE

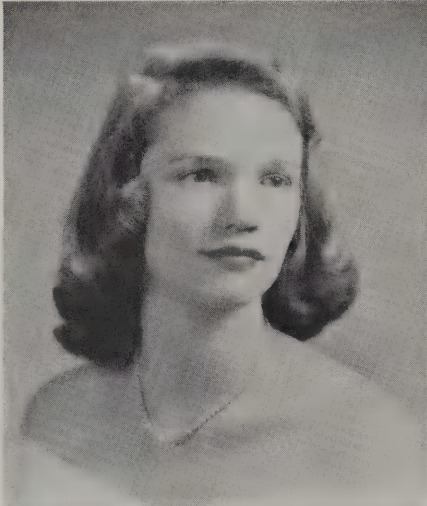
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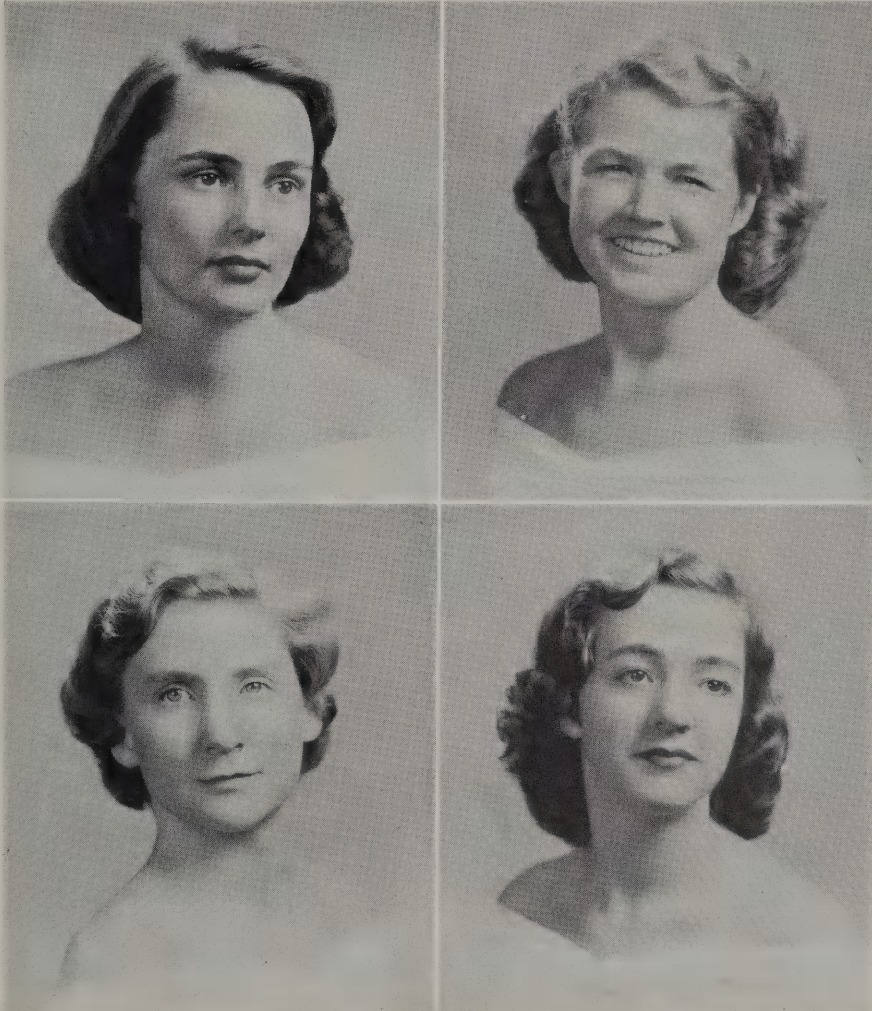
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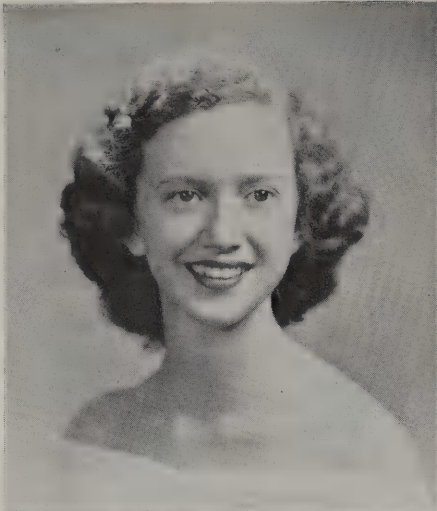
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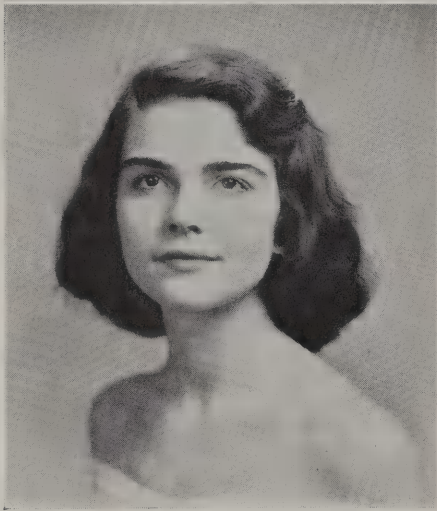
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That Last

NOW IT HAPPENS every year that the seniors bear the same pain . . . commencement! From my lofty perch I have had a peacock-view of the situation: class cuts, reserve books, studying in Senior Parlor, and that eternity known as seminar. I have watched them cram facts into their heads and frolics into their lives. And I will be the last one to see them leave, in all the glory of academic costume.

The symptoms of graduation have been apparent all year. In the fall, class officers were announced. Seniors marched proudly through the front door of the chapel for the first time, tassels flying. Singing on the library steps was the climax of that big day on the road to graduation.

At Christmas, carols and the strains of "We're gonna graduate soon" were heard softly about the campus. Taking their parts in the Nativity tableau, the seniors added the beauty of the traditional story to the holiday festivities. Their last Wheaton Christmas.

Then they re-doubled their efforts, through the daily plugging, safely past exams, back to the routine of chapel, classes, meals, and the library. But then spring fever overtook them. The second symptom . . . I saw more of them as they walked around the campus, slowly now, absorbing this moment which would pass so quickly.

Tree Day came, and I strained to hear the words of the class president as she dedicated the tree for the class of '50. I noticed fewer of these girls basking on the gym roof—"Generals!" I heard one mutter, as she passed by the gym on her way to the library. Now I could look through the windows of Emerson and almost hear them admiring the sophomores' flowers. "Remember the first time!" and "Why, when I was a sophomore . . ." and I chuckle at the grand old ladies of the senior class. Perhaps they thought a little then of the years to come . . . no more dodging the lamp in the Slype, waiting for the opportunity to run through the Dimple; no more remembering not to eat out on Wednesday nights. They'll be spared the lump-in-the-throat which *will* come at the candle-



Look Back

light service; they'll smile at remembering the Mummers' gay antics at the Christmas banquet.

But soon came the time to choose the girls to represent the senior virtues at May Day, thinking of the after-hours' rehearsals their sophomore year, as they fill in the court from their sister class.

Study, study, all the time . . . generals were upon them, the symptom of graduation which hurt the most. There was little time for reminiscing then, and senior chatter was limited to possible questions and probable answers. Anxious seniors scanned the notices on the bulletin board, not letting go of their breaths until all had passed. Smart girls—they wasted no time getting over *this* ailment.

Nearing the end, they embarked on the wonderful senior houseparty at the Cape; the whereabouts really didn't matter, only that they were together as a class for almost the last time.

What do they dream about the night before commencement? Jobs perhaps, or wedding gowns, or Paris in June, but sleeping little, anticipating the big day. And what do I dream about? A wish for them, "That they may have life and have it abundantly."





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The students for contributing pictures.

The Worcester Telegram for contributing a picture of Miss Noyes.

Miss Margaret Clark for contributing several photographs.

Mr. Irving Green and his staff for being on the spot with a camera every time.

Mr. Dave Jordan and all those at Campus Publishing who pitched in with plans and preparations for the book

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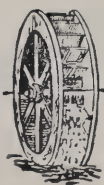
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